

# THE DAILY STAR.

MONDAY, MAY 3

LARGEST CIRCULATION IN THE CITY.

GERMANY wishes a grand Imperial Exposition in Berlin in 1878. Emperor William is now considering the project.

We have a renewal of the story that Mr. Fish will shortly succeed General Schenck as Minister to the Court of St. James.

The last note of Belgium to Germany was eminently satisfactory, and everything is lovely in that quarter. English Statesmen are no longer agitating themselves on this subject.

The mine disaster in North Staffordshire proved more disastrous than was at first supposed. Nearly fifty persons lost their lives, and most of them were men with large families depending on them for support.

The North and Northwest suffered severely from heavy wind storms several days ago, but later the storm king has held high carnival in the South. Great damage is reported in East Tennessee and North Carolina.

REPORTS from Madrid represent the followers of Don Carlos in a state of revolt and demanding submission to Alfonso. The only trouble about this news is that it comes through the hands of the adherents of Alfonso.

In speaking of President Grant's first Cabinet appointments, the New York Herald says:

General Cox quarreled with the President on the civil service question, and this champion of honesty was replaced by Mr. Deano, whose zeal for honesty never made him uncomfortable.

DURING March 9,300 persons passed Kearney Junction, on route for California. There has been quite a rush of people to that State who have been doomed to sad disappointment. Many have spent all and are now competing with the Chinese for wages and life. Others have returned penniless with the loss of enough to have settled them comfortably this side the Mississippi river. The cause of this rush to the Pacific is the "blow" which speculators have made about cheap lands, and their exaggerations of the few advantages which the State affords to poor men. It is the most dismal section of the earth for a poor man. It is monopoly—cursed beyond conception. Speculators hold not only all the good lands, but they have been buying up the bad lands at a trifle, expecting to swindle honest men with them. We gave warning of this California game six months ago, and hope no one of our readers has brought himself to beggary by believing anything these speculators have said in their great pamphlet, which they print for both European and American circulation. As to penniless laborers, we have enough already. Our policy should be to diminish them. Such is our policy, but the reverse is the policy of the speculators and of the Government itself. We prefer many independent citizens to a few wealthy princes, with many dependent citizens. If the people knew enough, they would change the policy of this country before the 4th of July, 1876, and begin the second century of the Nation under justice to labor.

OUR May Musical Festival this year can not but be the greatest triumph ever achieved in America in this particular branch of science. The commencement of the last week of preparation finds everything connected with the affair in the best possible condition. The committees have been fortunate in securing the very solo singers they desired, the choruses have been satisfactorily filled up, and the rehearsals have been so well attended and everything is working so smoothly, that nothing is anticipated except of a triumph that will be remembered in musical circles and referred to for all time to come. And the attendance, too, will fully justify this great effort. The affair has been so well advertised that there is scarcely a man, woman or child in the whole country who is awake to the importance of cultivating a taste for music that is not familiar with all the details of this great undertaking. The advertising, local and telegraphic columns of newspapers everywhere have so thoroughly made it known and it has been so fully discussed in all its bearings and probabilities in their editorial columns, that not only in musical circles but in all others it is a familiar theme of conversation. The management went into the work with a determination to see everything connected with it done thoroughly. They have spared neither pains nor expense, and it is most gratifying to their friends and to those everywhere who rejoice in the awakening of such interest in a feast of music and see in it much more than the dollars that will be spent by the people whom it will bring to the city.

WE concur with the New York Sun in believing that there has been a very considerable awakening of the public conscience during the past two years, and that the grand revival will go forward for several years to come. Public swindling, and corruption in all its forms, had been carried to such an extent that a reaction took place, and little besides investigation of race and race has been heard of for two years—except the Brooklyn scandal, which reveals corruption in its softer phase. The inference from this revival of the popular conscience is that no one can hereafter expect a nomination for an important office unless his skirts are pretty clear. The time has come for scrutiny of the character of office-seekers, and we to

him who has been a jockey even on a small scale. Public men must very generally give place to new men, because those of them who are not clearly tainted are under suspicion on account of having kept so much bad company. Therefore, says the Sun, "Let Ben. Wade stop swearing, Ben. Butler give up the quarry business, Jim Blaine eschew political tricks, Morton repent of demagoguery, Washburne avoid jobs, Schenck become converted and see the wickedness of poker—in fact, let the politicians generally cleanse their ways; because the examination of Presidential candidates is going to be microscopic, and the least dirt will be discovered." This advice is good with reference to the life to come, but as for the present world the old sinners have too short a time of probation to establish public confidence in their penitential sincerity.

## THE COMING FRATERNIZATION AT CHICAGO.

At a meeting some weeks since of soldiers, sailors and citizens in Chicago it was resolved to hold a reunion of all the soldiers and sailors of the United States in that city on the 13th, 14th and 15th inst., and the term of an invitation was prescribed "to all who recognize the American flag as an emblem of nationality, undivided and indivisible."

Gov. Potter, of Tennessee, inclosed a copy of this circular to Gen. Beauregard, of New Orleans, asking him how much truth there was in the remarks of a certain Gen. Frank Sherman at the Chicago meeting, objecting to an invitation being sent to Gen. Beauregard because he was in favor of shooting all prisoners taken under the American flag. Gen. Beauregard replies in a very caustic manner, giving many facts indicating his character as an honorable soldier. He opens his reply as follows:

In this section of our country such exhibitions of animosity are confined to those who, during the war, were furthest from the enemy, gathering up the spoils in the wake of the contending armies. Is not this General Frank Sherman one of those despicable characters?

The fact which is the basis of the charge against Beauregard is the concurrence of himself and Stonewall Jackson in the policy of granting no quarter to Federal prisoners in retaliation for the refusal of the Federal Government to recognize Confederate prisoners as "prisoners of war" at the first battle of Manassas.

We do not know what other course high-minded Generals could take to compel the enemy to extend all the courtesies of civilized warfare to the Confederates. The Federal Government very soon found that the "rebels" were carrying on such a war as must be recognized as a civil war, entitled to all the consideration of international warfare. Of course, Beauregard and Jackson had no occasion for insisting upon the "no quarter" policy after the Federal Government had placed itself right in this regard. In self-defense they could not have insisted upon anything short of the "no quarter" brutality. It had the desired effect.

Gen. Beauregard describes the circumstances under which he again demanded the hoisting of the black flag as follows:

With regard to the mortality of prisoners on both sides, the Washington Union (Radical) of October, 1868, contained the following article: "In reply to a resolution of the House of Representatives, calling upon the Secretary of War for the number of prisoners of either side held and that died during the war, he makes the following report: Number of Union prisoners—South, 290,940; died, 22,896; number of Confederate prisoners—North, 200,000; died, 26,435—that is, two of the former out of every twenty-two, and two of the latter out of every fifteen. Comment is here unnecessary, in view of the condition and resources of those two sections of country. So diametrically opposed to the one practiced by the Confederates when they invaded Maryland and Pennsylvania under their great commander, General R. E. Lee, and I saw the emaciated forms and wretched condition of our returned Southern prisoners, I again advocated the hoisting of the black flag, willing at any time to forfeit my life in the deadly struggle. Notwithstanding these views, I always treated my prisoners with humanity and consideration. I had the fortune of taking many thousands of them at Manassas, Shiloh, Charleston, Drury's Bluff, Bermuda Hundred and Petersburg, most of whom are, I suppose, still alive, and can (and certainly would) testify to the fact.

These facts are very different from what was understood to be true during the war. We had Libby and Salisbury horrors upon horrors daily reported enough to shock a Comanche. On the contrary, the people of the North saw with their own eyes Confederate prisoners congregated at Chicago, at Columbus and many other points who were well fed, and in all instances treated with humanity.

Indeed, such was the contrast in the treatment of prisoners of war, North and South, that Stanton objected to exchanges because the Confederates would get a soldier in full health and heart in exchange for an invalid, who was disabled from even helping himself as a citizen. All our people had frequent spectacles of returned prisoners from the South who were utterly ruined in both body and mind. We saw them so reduced that in mind they were as children as an infant, and so emaciated in body as to be utterly helpless.

How is it, then, that the above figures can be true, to-wit: That only one in twenty-two of Federal prisoners died in the South while one in fifteen of Confederate prisoners died in the North? We do not understand it. We were either greatly deceived during the war on this point, or else the facts quoted by General Beauregard are outrageously false.

Still, we now cherish no animosity on account of the horrors of the war. Gen. Frank Sherman was an enemy to his country in the malice he displayed toward General Beauregard, who, since the war, has used his influence in upholding the nationality that so completely contradicted itself against the rebellion.

## THE HAPPY VILLAGE.

As often I pass the roadside,  
When wearily falls the day,  
I turn to look from the hill top  
At the mountains far away.

The red sun through the forests  
Throws his parting beams,  
And far in the quiet valley  
The happy village gleams.

There the lamp is lit in the cottage  
As the husbandman's labors cease,  
And I think that all things are gathered  
And folded in twilight peace.

But the sound of merry voices  
Is heard in the village street,  
While pleased the grandame watches  
The play of the little feet.

And at night to many a fireside  
The rosy children come;  
To tales of the bright-eyed fairies  
They listen and are dumb.

There seems it a joy forever  
To labor and to learn,  
For with the joy of the magic  
Is patient to discern.

And the father blesses the mother,  
And the child, and the wife,  
And the cheer and joy of the hearthstone  
Is as light from an altar fire.

## A DROP OF INK.

There was great excitement in the so-called little western town of Wilton. An old man, whose name was never known in the neighborhood, had been found dead in the road only a mile from the town, and but a few hundred yards from the farm-house of Amos Stetson, who was also the sheriff of the county. A bullet wound in the head pointed to the cause of death, while a pistol lying near at hand suggested suicide. The pockets of the old man—who was well-dressed—were of course searched, and in them were found a pocket-book, containing over fifty dollars, and a gold watch.

This at first strengthened the belief in the theory of suicide, because it was natural to argue that if the man had been murdered the motive would have been robbery, and the murderer would of course have secured the valuables. There was another circumstance, however, that decidedly pointed to murder. An examination disclosed the fact that the fatal bullet had entered squarely in the back of the head, passing through the hat just above the brim.

There was no detective within twenty miles of Wilton, and Sheriff Stetson called on me to assist him in his efforts to unravel the mystery and trace the murderer.

As the fruit of our inquiries, we learned that a stranger had been in Wilton the same morning, and that he had taken breakfast at the only hotel in the place. He had stated that he was looking for work as a farm hand, and after writing a letter he had started out on foot, taking a road leading northward toward Kenton, a large town on the Ohio River, about ten miles distant. We thought it best to follow the stranger; and having obtained a thorough description of him, we mounted our horses and went forth at a brisk trot.

After traveling twelve miles, we found a dozen laborers hiding bales, boxes, and sacks of grain; but at first saw no one answering the description of the stranger who had passed through Wilton. Descending to the water's edge, however, we found our man. He was sitting with his back to us, and his back against a pile of boxes, and after writing a letter he had started out on foot, taking a road leading northward toward Kenton, a large town on the Ohio River, about ten miles distant. We thought it best to follow the stranger; and having obtained a thorough description of him, we mounted our horses and went forth at a brisk trot.

"Stranger, will there be a boat down the river soon?" I asked.  
"Yes, so I am told," he replied.  
"The boat don't live here?"  
"No," he replied, laconically, as if not caring about conversation.  
"Are you going down the river?" I asked.

"Yes, yes—that is I was thinking of it."

"Did you come from Wilton?" I asked, but said with affected carelessness.

"Not that I know of. I may have done so without knowing its name. Yes, now that I think, I believe that I did pass through Wilton."

"There has been a fearful deed committed there?"

"Ahl! what was that?" he asked somewhat nervously.

"An old man, who shot himself with a pistol, last night, on the public road."

"A suicide, eh?" and a sigh of relief escaped him.

"Yes; an old man, too, and no one knows who he is."

He now grew much more cheerful, and seemed rather inclined to converse than otherwise.

"Strange," he moralized, "that a man can do such an awful thing as to kill himself."

"Strange, also," I rejoined, "that he should shoot himself in the back of the head."

"Did he? That was singular."

"There was something still stranger about it," I went on.

"Ahl! what?" he asked, quickly.

"Why, he must have held the pistol quite a distance from his head, for it did singe his hat or hair."

A pallor overspread his face, as he arose from where he was sitting and took up his gun.

"I wish that boat would come," he said, then he abruptly changed the subject by adding: "I wish that boat would come."

Said Mr. Stetson, "I am the sheriff of the county, and you are my prisoner. Don't resist."

I stood near in order to assist the sheriff if necessary, and I observed a small red stain on the left sleeve of the prisoner's shirt, near the waistband. I had a sharp knife in my pocket, and seizing the sleeve, I deliberately cut out a piece of the cloth containing the spot saying:

"Excuse me, young man, but I want this. I'll buy you a new shirt, if it turns out that you are not guilty of murder."

"Come, let us go," said the sheriff. Leaving Mr. Stetson in company with the prisoner, I repaired to the store of a druggist, with whom I was acquainted, and whom I knew to be skilled in chemistry. To him I exhibited the piece of cloth, after the conventional salutation and asked:

"Is that blood?"

"I stood by the 'general delivery' window, in the post-office of the former place, anxiously waiting for some one to call for a letter addressed to 'John S. Silverton.' I had stood nearly an hour, pretending to read a newspaper, when a fashionably-dressed young man, not over twenty-five, asked if there was a letter for John S. Silverton; and I saw him receive the letter directed with red ink. I then watched him while he retired to a corner, opened and read the letter. It seemed very brief, for in a few seconds he tore it in four pieces and went out.

I hastily gathered up the fragments and followed, being just in time to keep him in view. He walked leisurely up the street, and I followed a few steps from him. I had followed him a quarter of a mile, when I saw him enter an old-fashioned dwelling-house, opening the door with a key, I noted the number, and saw that the door contained a plate with the name of Grigley on it.

I next retired to a neighboring saloon, where I easily placed the fragments of the letter together, and found it to read as follows:

"All right! Nicely done. Send that to Cairo, directed to Jacob Murray. I'll go under that name for a while."

I was now fully persuaded that the young man ought to be arrested on suspicion of complicity in the murder, and having no authority to do so myself, I sought a detective whom I happened to know, and laid the whole case before him, when he said:

"Why, that's Bob Grigley. His father is wealthy, and has lived in that house for thirty years. Bob is counted a fast boy, but I hope he has not been concerned in any such crime as you speak of. Still, I'll investigate it."

We had just reached the street on which young Grigley lived, when we met him. He was walking rather rapidly toward the post-office, and with a hurried "good-evening" to the detective, was passing on, when the latter said:

"One moment, Grigley. I want to see your father on important business. Is he at home?"

"No; isn't at home," replied Grigley, stopping.

"Where is he?"

"Well, he left yesterday, saying that he was going to Wilton."

"Well, perhaps you can give me the information I want?"

"What?" I wanted to ask you when you changed your name to John S. Silverton?"

"I don't know what you mean," replied Robert Grigley, in a voice that trembled perceptibly.

"Well, come to the station and we'll find out," said the detective, taking him by the arm.

Grigley made an effort to free himself, but to no purpose; and after a warning from the detective that he would "straighten him out" if he resisted further, allowed himself to be led to the police-station. Here he was searched, and a letter found in his pocket addressed to Jacob Murray, Cairo, Ill.

This was opened, and a certain hundred-dollar bill, and the accompanying communication read as follows:

"Keep steady. Will send you four more like this, one at a time. Let me know as you get each. I haven't heard from 'somebody' yet."

"SILVERTON."

"And yet your name isn't changed to Silverton," said the detective, sternly.

"Young man, this is a serious matter. The wretched youth attempted to speak, but was unable to utter a word. There seemed to be a choking sensation in his throat, and he was greatly pained. Guilt and despair were written on his face, and he sobbed like a child when he was led away to the cell in which he was to spend the night.

His courage, if he ever had any, ebbed entirely away during the night, and on the following morning he was a despondent, fully explained the mystery of the tragedy near Wilton. It was in substance as follows:

Contracting very dissolute habits, Grigley had affiliated with the worst of characters, upon whom he had relied for money his father gave him. Of his associates was Halph Burk, the man we had captured at Kenton.

When finally grew tired of giving his money to squander, the latter became enraged, and Burk boldly suggested that "if the old man was out of the way," Robert would be a millionaire, being the only near relative living. Two miserable youths readily listened to this suggestion, and it was finally agreed that old Grigley should be enticed to the country, near Wilton, by an ingenious device, and assassinated by Burk; and such was the programme carried out to the letter.

It was the drop of red ink that gave us the true solution of the mystery; and Robert Grigley died in prison—Halph Burk on the gallows.

**Court Callings.**  
Leopold Levyamier brought suit against Michael Zissler for an account of profits and to enjoin him from removing a canal boat, of which they were joint owners, beyond the jurisdiction of the Court. The case was tried before Judge O'Connor in the Superior Court, and was decided by the appointment of a receiver. An order against the defendant running the boat was also granted.

The case of the City for the use of Jacob Wirth against Davis and others, an action to enforce an assessment for the improvement of Johnson street, was reserved, as the question, whether there was any identity of the contract as advertised, bid and let, and the work performed, was a question of such importance as that the opinion of all the judges should be obtained.

The City for the use of, &c., vs. Hannah Grandin. This case, a suit to enforce an assessment on Grandin avenue, was also reserved.

Worthington, Power & Fee vs. John R. Von Seggern, of Moorman & Son, and others. This was an action to replevin a lot of tobacco which the plaintiffs advertised to be sold to the defendants for \$5,000. It appeared that the defendants gave five notes for \$1,000 each, payable every month. Soon after, however, they made an assignment for the benefit of creditors. The Court held there was fraud in the purchase, and that the plaintiffs were entitled to recover the contract and take back the tobacco. Judgment accordingly.

J. R. P. Brown was admitted last Saturday to the practice of the law in the State Courts of Ohio.

The death of George R. Stearns, a prominent member of the Bar, was announced last Saturday in the District Court. Out of respect to the memory of the deceased, the Court adjourned. A meeting was held to-day and suitable actions in regard to his death were taken.

The State ex rel. E. McMurry brought a suit against W. G. Gale and others to compel the defendant to show by what authority he held the position of Director in the Bond Hill Building Association, bearing in mind the fact that the defendant had expired, the case was dismissed, the costs being divided between the parties. The defendant on Saturday moved to reconsider the question of costs. The motion was overruled.

The Cincinnati & Harrison Turnpike Company brought a suit against the

County Commissioners, and the case was heard in the District Court last Saturday on a demurrer to the petition asking for an injunction. The plaintiffs aver that they constructed the turnpike and erected at a cost of \$700 a toll-gate near Harrison, and in March, 1876, James F. Bowles with others combined to evade the payment of tolls at the gate aforesaid, purchased a strip of land extending from the New Haven road to a point west of the toll-gate, and threw the same to public travel; that later the same strip of land was dedicated to the defendant for road purposes. The defense claimed that the power to open a road was vested in the County Commissioners. The case was taken under advisement.

**Real Estate Transfers.**  
Wm. Johnson and wife to George Peck, 59 acres, on the Eight-mile road, in Survey 65, Anderson township—\$8,000.

Wm. Schmitzer and wife to Augustus Neather, lot 50 by 175 feet, on the west side of Spring street, 682 feet north of McMillan street, Walnut Hills—\$1,500.

J. E. Stevens and wife to J. D. Moore, 10 3/4 acres in section 11, Columbia township—\$1,500.

Louisa Terry to August Stephan, lot 2 1/2 by 100 feet, on the west side of the Walker Mill road, west of Ann street, Twenty-first ward—\$2,000.

W. C. Lee and wife to Elizabeth H. Roach and Lucile R. Peck, lots 48, 49, and 50, in subdivision of land owned by the Little Miami Railroad, in Columbia township—\$300.

Spring Grove Cemetery to Mrs. O. P. Wilson and others, 2 1/2 acres, lot 121, Section 73, containing 318 square feet—\$21.85.

Daniel Collier and wife to Hercules Carlier and others, the grantor's interest in all the property, both real and personal, in the firm known as the Miami Railway and Dry Dock Company—\$49,200.

E. A. Swasey and wife to same, the grantor's interest in the same property—\$49,200.

W. J. Totton and wife to W. H. Helmig, part of lot 16, in Taylor's subdivision, in 2nd eastern part of the First Ward, containing 1/2 acre—\$600.

M. W. Stone and wife to T. G. Smith, southeast corner of Vine and Commerce streets; also 2 1/2 acres on the Lebanon pike, in Avondale—\$1 and other considerations.

Lease Russell to Luckner & Co., five years' lease of the premises, 35 by 100 feet, on the northwest corner of John and Livingston streets, at an annual rent of \$400.

Louis Boebinger and wife to Frank Steigler, lot 21 1/2 by 91 feet, on the east side of Walnut street, 75 feet south of Liberty street—\$1 and other considerations.

Frank Steigler and wife to Eva Boebinger, same lot and other considerations.

John Glasgow to M. W. Allen, the undivided half of a lot 19 by 105 feet, on the north side of Ninth street, 11 feet east of Baymiller—\$1,500.

W. J. Allen to John Glasgow, five years' lease of the same property, with the privilege of purchasing the same for \$1,500.

J. E. Mills and wife to A. E. Clark, lots 89 and 90, in subdivision of land owned by Mapleswood, adjoining Harwell—\$1,000.

C. H. Stump to John Elfringer, three years' lease of a lot 12 by 121 feet, on the south side of Albright street, west of Hume street, at a yearly rent of \$23.58, with the privilege of purchasing the same for \$3,500.

W. E. Marsh, Sr. to Kent & Michie, 3 years and 6 months' lease of a store-room on the southwest corner of Sixth and Main streets, at an annual rent of \$1,500.

C. W. Horne and wife to S. B. Sedam, perpetual lease of a lot 10 feet front extending back to the L. and E. Railroad, on the south side of the Lower River road, Twenty-first ward, at an annual rent of \$40, with the privilege of purchasing the same for \$1,750.

J. Wendick to Max Jacobs, 5 years' lease of No. 381 Central avenue, at an annual rent of \$6.

Hans of J. W. Bachelor, pro sheriff, to Geo. Heine, the frame grain-elevator property on the east side of the Lower Basin, in Lockland—\$7,300.

L. L. Bolles and wife to Frances N. Troy, lot 17, in section 10 and other subdivision, in Lockland, 50 by 100 feet—\$800.

Leopold Henkel and wife to B. A. Meune and others, lot 43 by 110 feet, on the northwest corner of Main and Pike streets, in Kensington—\$2,750.

Wm. Inott and wife to Belle Korte, lot 25 by 75 feet, on the southeast corner of John and Main streets—\$100.

A. T. Barnes to John Garser, five acres in Section 14, Columbia township—\$3,000.

Assistance of M. W. Stone to L. E. Stone, lot 75 by 100 feet, on the northeast corner of Vine and Commerce streets—\$75,000.

J. J. and Mary A. Sullivan to Mary McGinn, lot 20 by 105 feet, on the north side of Court street, 20 feet east of John street—\$4,500.

## FOUND.

FOUND—LOW PRICES—At the Globe Shoe Store, 139 Vine street, one door south of Fifth street, opposite the Fountain, ladies' misses' and children's, gents' boys' and youths' custom made boots and shoes at astonishing low prices. ap2-1m

## FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—CARRIAGES—New and second hand in great variety. For catalogue call at 19 and 21 West Seventh street. GEO. C. MILLER & SONS. ap2-1m

FOR SALE—5,000 old papers, in hundred of packs, at this office. ap2-1m

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS.  
WANTED—BOYS—Five boys immed. asked. Call at this office. ap2-1m

WANTED—A WOMAN—To scrub. Call at this office. ap2-1m

WANTED—TO SUPPLY—The public with good Photographs and Stereotypes at KELLY'S, 609 Madison street, Covington, Ky. Open every day. ap2-1m

## DON'T BUY

Bogus Wheeler & Wilson Needles  
Genuine Wheeler & Wilson Needles, 50 cents per dozen, 5 cents each, at Company's office, 55 West Fourth street. ap2-1m

WANTED—PAINTING—C. F. Lanten, schaefer, house and sign painter, works for small prices. Try him. No. 12 W. Sixth street, Covington, Ky. ap2-1m

WANTED—YOU—To call at the Globe shoe store, 139 Vine street, one door south of Fifth street, opposite the Fountain, and buy custom made boots and shoes at very low prices. ap2-1m

WANTED—FOUNTAIN LUNCH ROOM—Business men to examine the Bill of Fare at the Old Reliable Fountain Lunch Room, 263 Walnut street, call for a REGULAR DINNERS only 25 cents. ap2-1m

WANTED—TO RENT—An entire floor of THE STAR BUILDING, 300 Walnut street. Two fine front rooms, suitable for business or editorial rooms, and a large room in the rear, with the best of light, suitable for a composition room. These rooms present the very best location for a large publishing business. Will be rented with or without power. Press work can be done in the building. Inquire at THE STAR OFFICE. ap2-1m

If you want anything advertise in the Daily Star.

## OUR CHURCHES.

### UNIVERSALIST.

First Universalist—Plan bet. Fourth and Fifth; Rev. J. G. Adams.

METHODIST.  
Trinity Chapel—Ninth bet. Race and Elm; Rev. D. H. Moore.

St. Paul's Church—Cor. Seventh and Smith; Rev. C. H. Payne.

Wesley Chapel—Fifth between Broadway and Sycamore; Rev. W. L. Fee.

Blair Chapel—Spring Grove Avenue; Rev. David Graciale.

Aubrey Chapel—Webster bet. Main and Sycamore; Rev. J. E. Gilbert.

Mckinstry Chapel—Front street, 17th Ward; Rev. G. W. Kelly.

Mt. Auburn Chapel—Mt. Auburn; Rev. J. M. Irwin.

Centara Chapel—Plum bet. Second and Front; Rev. A. N. Spahr.

East Pearl Street Chapel—Pearl bet. Broadway and Ludlow; Rev. A. Bowers.

McLean Chapel—Ninth near Freeman; Rev. Wm. Young.

Walnut Hills Chapel—Walnut Hills; Rev. A. B. Leonard.

Grace Church—Avondale; Rev. J. T. Short.

Christie Chapel—Court bet. Main and Custer; Rev. J. J. Murray.

St. John's Chapel—Cor. Park and Longwood; Rev. T. Collett.